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GEORGE W. MYERS, PRINTER.

## THE CHURCH.

Yes, she has risen in her strength;  
The Church! the Church of God  
Puts on her robes, and walks at length  
Where her great Captain trod;  
Her path is through the barren rock,  
Her path is through the sea:  
He's in the desert with his flock,  
And in the deep is He.

I trace her in the lonely ark,  
In Abraham's stranger's tent,  
And in the upper chamber, where  
The Comforter was sent;  
And while her troubles, and their deeds  
Pass on, and are entombed,  
I see her towering—by the fire,  
Encompass'd, not consumed.

Through persecution's martyr-flame,  
Through famine, scathe, and fears,  
Through foul reproach, and scorn, and shame,  
And blood, and bitter tears—  
Still onward, onward is her way;  
In weakness, weakling strong;  
Her proud device, the Star of day,  
And victory her song.

I see her toils. Abroad, at home,  
From tropic to the pole,  
Wherever swells a pagan dome,  
Or weeps a human soul—  
The temple crumbles at her might;  
The soul to Christ is given;  
And where hung out the pall of night,  
Now cluster beams of heaven.

With principalities she wars,  
With Satan's leaguing powers;  
She scales his heights, and plants her foot  
Upon his tallest towers;  
And fall before her trumpet's blast,  
The dragons of renown;  
And at her stern rebuke are cast  
The shrine and priesthood down.

And not one banner in her train  
In slumber may be furled—  
Nor shall the sword return again  
Drawn out to free a world—  
Not till her conquest step is found  
Where'er is found the ban;  
Nor till her colors tread each ground  
Where lingers fallen man.

As the small dust is to the globe,  
As rain-drops to the sea;  
So is her glorious past, to what  
Her coming yet shall be!  
Ask, and I will give, saith God, the spoil,  
The heathen to my Son;  
Fruit of his travail and his toil,  
Conceived, and "dared, and done."

## THE OBSERVER.

From the Charleston Observer.

### PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

The long existence of the Christian Church, would be pronounced upon common principles of reasoning, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and all-sufficient enemy. To maintain her and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem, no disciplined legions, no outward coercion of any kind. Yet her expectation is, that she will live forever.

To mock this hope, and to blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most ingenious arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires have been frequently and perseveringly applied. The blood of her sons and daughters has streamed like water: the smoke of the scaffold and the stake, where they won the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus has ascended in thick volumes to the skies. The tribes of persecution have sported over her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants, and where their empires? The tyrants have long since gone to their own place: their names have descended upon the roll of infamy; their empires have passed, like shadows over the rock; they have successively disappeared, and left not a trace behind.

But what became of the Church? She rose fresh in beauty and might, celestial glory beaming around her; she dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and kingdoms that plotted her destruction; and with the inscriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity the records of their shame.

How shall this phenomenon be explained?—We are at the present moment witnesses of the fact: but who can unfold the mystery? The Book of truth and life has made our wonder cease. "The Lord her God in the midst of her is mighty." His presence is a fountain of health and his protection a "wall of fire!" He has betrothed her in eternal covenant to himself. Her living head in whom she lives, is above; and his quickening spirit shall never depart from her. Armed with divine virtue, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the hearts of men, and sets up its everlasting kingdom. It eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the powers of adversaries. Bars, bolts, and dungeons are no obstacles in its approach; bonds and tortures, and death, cannot extinguish its influence. Let no man's heart tremble then, because of fear. Let no man despair (in these days of rebuke and blasphemy) of the Christian cause. The ark is launched, indeed upon the floods; tempests sweep along the deep; the billows break over her on every side, but Jehovah Jesus has promised to conduct her in safety to the haven of peace.—She cannot be lost unless the pilot perish.—Dr. Mason.

### THE LATE DR. CHEYNE.

It is not often that we meet with a character which can be studied with so much pleasure and advantage as described in the following sketch from the Dublin Journal of Medical Science.

Dr. Cheyne was for many years an eminent and successful practitioner in Dublin, where he earned an enduring name, not only for professional learning and skill, but for rare excellences of character. To speak of Dr. Cheyne's writings and of the estimation in which they are held, would be superfluous. Whether viewed

with reference to the elegance of their style or the sound practical precepts and improvements which they inculcate, they hold a foremost rank among the medical works of the day. No man ever maintained, in the circle in which he practised, more respect and confidence from his professional brethren; or a higher character with the public as a skilful physician. Such was the estimation in which he was held, and such the universal regret felt at his retirement from practice that addresses were presented to him from three different branches of the profession, requesting of him to return, and resume his station amongst them; a compliment to an individual unprecedented in the annals of medicine.—But in all these respects the character of Dr. Cheyne falls short, when contrasted with his excellence as a benevolent and religious man. His exterior deportment bore the appearance of indifference to afflictions which were every day presented to him; but his inward feelings on these occasions were at variance with the impressions left by his visit. His mind was frequently disturbed and his spirits depressed by the scenes of bodily and mental suffering which the practice of his profession incessantly brought under his notice; and his sympathies, instead of being blunted by the habit of meeting with such objects of compassion, were rendered more acute by the repetition. Indeed, to this source may be traced the seeds of the malady under which his constitution, otherwise a good one, finally broke down. The members of the medical profession are, by the generality of mankind, considered, heartless and insensible to the afflictions which they are called upon to witness; but they may triumphantly appeal, in refutation of the calumny, to the example of Dr. Cheyne, who, though the circumstance of his profession, while engaged in its duties, demanded an assumption of coolness which brought on him the character of heartlessness, was nevertheless mentally grieved by these scenes, to an extent which deprived him of sleep and appetite, and kept him in a state of perpetual fever. The nature of his practice in his latter years was calculated, in an especial manner, to subject him to excitement of this nature, being chiefly employed in consultations, he was, as is generally the case with medical men so engaged, too often called upon when all hopes of recovery were over, and when his power to do good was unavailing. All this was too much for his sensitive mind; an expression uttered to a friend, on an occasion of this nature, shows the utter groundlessness of the charge of heartlessness in his case. "I have this day," said he, "visited for the first and last time more than a dozen persons, not one of whom may be in existence to-morrow. I can no longer bear it; I must fly from such scenes of hopeless and helpless affliction. And he justified his declaration by his conduct; he retired to his country seat in Buckinghamshire, and never again attended his mind to be engaged in such avocations. Of the deep, but silent interest which he took in the afflictions of his patients, many living witnesses can bear honourable testimony; for often has the widow or orphan received from an anonymous hand a restitution of the fees paid to Dr. Cheyne for his professional services, with perhaps an increase of the amount, to avert the possibility of a conjecture as to the source from whence the donation was derived. The same absence of ostentation which marked the charity of this good man, manifested itself in all his dealings. In short the whole tenor of his life was marked by high intellectual endowments, the most scrupulous observance of the duty which he owed to his neighbour, and the greatest benevolence of disposition; but the mainspring of all these good qualities was religion. Thoroughly persuaded of the reality of a future and a better state, and in possession of the means of its inheritance, no wonder that his life should have been regulated in accordance therewith. The satisfaction which he himself experienced from this source, while engaged in the bustle and annoyances of professional occupation, is well known to those who were acquainted with his feelings and the consolation which it afforded him on the bed of sickness, may be learned from his own words, communicated in a letter to a friend, in which he says—"There is but one subject on which I can dwell with satisfaction, connected with the permanent state of being on which to all appearance, I must soon enter. On this subject, my views which are very simple, lead to hope and peace, and give to my existence a comfort much beyond what I experienced in times of health and prosperity. Oh, that all my friends could discover my panacea, which is to be gathered only on Calvary." Such were his expressions when nearly blind from an affection of his eyes, and when the approach of mortification of one of his feet, of which he died four months after, had alienated him from all society and prepared him for a realization of the happiness of that blessed eternity to the attainment of which his whole life had been, in prospective devoted.—Episcopal Recorder.

Extract from the Writings of Rev. John Corbet.

### THE STATE OF MY OWN SOUL

ACCORDING TO THE STRICTEST SEARCH THAT I CAN MAKE.

As far as I am able to discern my heart and ways, I have chosen the Lord for my portion; I take up my rest in Him, and not in the creature. To love, and fear, and admire and bless him, and to have communion with him, is my chief joy. And the eternal vision and fruition of God is my great hope. I would not only have God hereafter, but here in this world for my chief good. He is even now better than all the world.

I come to God by Jesus Christ. And as I believe in God, I believe also in Christ, and rejoice and glory in him, and acknowledging my own sinfulness and unworthiness, I rest entirely on him as the ground of my justification to life, and of all favour and acceptance with God.

I receive Christ as my Lord and give up myself to him. I let him into my heart by faith. I esteem him precious, and am willing to suffer

the loss of all, that I may win him; I desire to know him in the power of his death and resurrection, and am much grieved that I do so weakly experience that power, and feel it no more operative in me, in my dying to sin and the world, and in living and walking in the Spirit.

I do not cease to lament the more heinous sins of my life, and cannot forbear the continual imploring of their pardon. I do not return again to them, and I resolve never to do: I watch, and pray, and strive against all sin, and especially against those sins to which I am more especially inclined; my conflicts are daily, and I am put hard to it. But I do not yield myself to any sin, nor lie down in it, yet, I do not suffer sinful cogitations to lodge in me. Howbeit, I am many times discomposed, damped in spirit, deadened in duty, distracted in my studies, and molested and hindered every way by the sin that dwelleth in me. But I resolve that sin shall have no rest in my soul, and that I will never enjoy it. Though I cannot keep sin out of my heart, yet it doth not reign in my mortal body, nor do I yield my members to the service of it.

I would fulfil all righteousness, and owe nothing to any man but love. I had a hundred fold rather suffer wrong than do wrong.

I trust God with my chief outward concerns, even with that about which I am most solicitous, and wherein to be satisfied is of great moment to me, for that it hath a great influence upon my spirits as any outward thing hath. And I do believe that God will provide for me herein, or otherwise supply the want of it. My earnest desire of God is, that my outward condition may be so fixed by his wise and gracious providence, as that I may be least exposed to temptation, and best disposed, and furthered unto duty.

I have an inclination to seek self, particularly in vain applause, and that in religious services; and herein I have been highly guilty; but I abase myself for it before God, and I am willing to be satisfied in the praise that comes from him alone; that I trust, through his grace, that I can deny myself in matters of reputation to do his will.

I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and all his saints. The broken estate of the church, especially by intestine evils, is a great trouble to my spirit.—The scandals of professors I am truly grieved at, and I would not by their weaknesses seek to excuse my own faults, or to advance my own virtues.

I have no settled bitterness and revenge against my enemies, but I love, pity, and pray for them. As concerning God's enemies, I am more provoked, but I would not be inhuman or cruel against them. For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

I condemn none, I would not impute the spirit of any. I would acknowledge obligations of courtesy as accounting it a duty. I would not exult over the weakness of any: this is partly out of natural tenderness and moral considerations; and I find that the goodness and kindness of God, the meekness and gentleness of Christ hath hitherto made impression upon me.

When I have had a good enterprise in hand for God's glory and some public benefit, I watched against vanity of mind and vain glory in carrying it on; and I desire purely to aim at God's glory, and to be satisfied with my reward in him. And I take heed, that I forget not my mortality, when I am pursuing that design; but I would vain bring up myself to this frame, to be contented to be taken hence in the midst of it, as judging that I shall be no loser by my removal, and God cannot stand in need of that service.

### THE ORPHANS.

Our daily visits often bring us into contact with circumstances overwhelming and painful, but not always fit for publication. One lately occurred which I can and must mention. A man and his wife, honest laborers, and of regular habits, had ten children. After tugging and striving and always disdaining a parish allowance, at last they broke under the weight of their family cares. The mother first gave way at forty-two years of age: the father, poor man, still strove, but his spirits could not bear up—weakness took him off soon after. Eight orphans were left unprovided for; one only eight months old, the eldest aged 17. Whose heart felt their woes? A sister; herself left a widow with five children, who keeps a little shop, but much more likely to be cheated out of five shillings than to clear two—she would have them; and then you might have seen thirteen orphans asleep in two rooms, and only a widow to care for them.

She was recommended to take them to the workhouse. "No, not my children," said she "nor my brother's. No, if bread can be got." The God of orphans saw her efforts. The parish allowed her eighteen pence a week for five of those under fourteen; the elder boy, though lame, will strive to spare a little out of his poor pittance as a country tailor. But what is the girl of fourteen to do? The parish would do nothing for her but bind her apprentice, almost to her certain ruin. An orphan's friend brought her up to our house. Moses in the bulrushes looked not more interesting. She stood firm and upright, her head a little bent, an expressive countenance, while she told her own tale of "mother's death," and "father's sorrows," and how she tried to ease his pains by rubbing his limbs. While she spoke she wept. I never witnessed such simple, yet such perfect eloquence. "And can you take me in, sir? I can read and sew, and am willing to do any thing." Poor girl, we were willing before she asked.—"Do you fear God?" "I hope so, sir." Have you been used to spend the sabbath in idleness when mother and father were living?" "No, hope not, sir; we always, all of us, went twice a day to our church. No, sir, never wished to break the Sabbath."

This was enough—we told her to come into the house appointed for just such individuals as she was. I begged that the aunt might bring

her; I longed to see the aunt. This afternoon she came, and I felt a veneration for her I cannot describe. I thought—what am I compared with this poor woman? What did I ever venture compared with her? I felt like a brute beast before my God, and I thought she must appear angelic. The poor girl is in the Orphan Refuge, and we hope to prepare her for service. I said to her, "Have you a bible, child?" Her countenance changed a little: trembling, and as if ashamed, she answered, "No, sir, not a bible; I had one, but gave it to my brother; but I have a little testament." She has been with us a week, and we have every prospect of her being a good girl. We now have nine in the Refuge; we have had nineteen in all, and know nothing bad of any. I think we may say that six are truly praying souls.—*Kilpin's Life.*

### THE POWER AND TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

I had a striking example of the power of the Bible on the mind of an unbeliever, who was a determined opposer of the truth.

At the house of a nobleman, where a large party was assembled, I conversed with a captain of the navy and a surgeon: the conversation was extremely painful to me, as they argued and cavilled angrily. I answered them from the Bible, which I held in my hand. Our host having listened to us for some time, said "It appears to me necessary, before answering these gentlemen from the Bible, that you should declare to them what it really is, because I am aware that your antagonists are not convinced of the divinity of this book." "What! my lord," replied I, "if I were to draw the captain's sword, and wound him therewith, would it be requisite to make him sensible that he was wounded to this gentleman (the surgeon) should testify: 1st. That the sword is of good steel; 2d. That the blade has a keen edge, 3d. That the muscles and veins being cut, this gentleman is obliged to feel? Is not the proof of a sword being a sword, demonstrated by its edge and point? And think you that the everlasting God who has spoken this word, which he declares to be sharper than any two edged sword, has not given to it a sufficient efficacy to strike and penetrate the conscience of one of his creatures? a man! a sinner? No, gentlemen," continued I, firmly (I several of the rest of the company were now around us, and listened with apparent interest) "no: I do not believe that the truths contained in this holy volume require, that to be recognized as such, man must affix the seal of his approbation, or that the true and living light cannot enlighten the understanding of a mortal; until the fetid and vacillating flame of the lamp of reason is united thereto."

Upon this, the captain withdrew to the recess of the window; whilst I answered several questions concerning faith, and its consequent peace. The captain appeared agitated; after some minutes had elapsed, he returned, and said to me, with visible emotion, "Pray, tell me if the habitual joy and security which you now possess, are the results of the principles which you hold?" "Sir," replied I affectionately, "whenever I expose myself to the rays of the sun, I receive not only light but heat therefrom. In like manner, whenever I read or meditate on the word of truth and life, I experience the same effect in my soul, because it is impossible to contemplate by faith Jesus the Son of the Father, and the brightness of his glory, without having a deep sense of the vivifying light which emanates from and beams in him."

"Upon my honour!" exclaimed the captain, "I begin to believe that you are right. I never so earnestly desired to know that happiness which you possess. Indeed Sir, I deem you the happiest of men, and I would give the half of my fortune to think as you do." I smiled, and replied, "Your honour is only that of a poor sinner, make it not then your stay; as to the happiness which I possess, it cost me nothing, and God will not sell it dearer to you than he has to me." "What then must I do to obtain it?" rejoined the captain, in a tone of vexation. "You must lend a willing ear, and apply your heart," replied I, "to the words of the Apostle James: 'Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness, and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls.' "We must confess," said our host, "that the means are easy, and the doctrine which we have just heard powerfully attractive."

I am ignorant in what measure my auditors really believed, but I have always felt persuaded, that the testimony of God was on that day powerfully brought home to the heart of one, to whom every argument, and every evidence that human reason could advance, had proved unavailing. The heart of this man was undoubtedly moved by the voice of the Almighty, speaking in his word, and this logician, who doubtless had often endeavoured by the subtlety of logic, to argue against others, found himself vanquished before the wisdom of the Omnipotent Saviour, who destroys the wisdom of the wise, and by the preaching of the gospel, makes foolish the wisdom of the world.—*Malan's Gospel Seeds.*

### EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JUDGE GASTON.

It is time that not men in high places alone, but men in low places, and men in all places, should think and say such things as these. If American people are a self-governing people, they do well to be more diligent in their work now-a-days, than they have been.

"We tell the people of the United States, that unless they look well to themselves, the day of their destruction is at hand. They are trying to destroy themselves. We do denounce as a traitor, every man who encourages in any shape, or under any pretext, the putting down and abrogating of the laws. We disclaim every man who advises the people to take the laws into their own hands, no matter for what cause, no matter for what good reason, no matter how much good may for once be done thereby. We say that every man who deprives, or attempts to deprive the veriest wretch that breathes God's

atmosphere, of the right of trial by jury, for any crime, is virtually a traitor—not only to his country, but to his own best rights, and dearest interests. Men who unchain a mob, are like men who unchain the plague and the pestilence. It may rid them and their country of their enemies and its scourges, but will also sweep them away in its poisonous career. We would take him to be insane who would sit on the brink of a volcano, and throw into it inflammable matter to produce an eruption; but we see men advocating mob law and anarchy, on the score of expediency, as if expediency can justify overwhelming the law, and we still suffer them to preach on."

From the Churchman.

Mr. Editor,—I have just been favored with the perusal of a letter from a distinguished clergyman in our Church in the far West, to our excellent missionary bishop. I take the liberty, without having asked his consent, because I hope it will do good, and in the confidence that he will therefore not object to it, to send you for publication the following extract.

### SYMPATHY.

"Your observations respecting a supply of ministers for the Church in the West and South west, confirm the opinions which I have long entertained upon that subject. The earnest appeals which have from time to time been made to the Church east of the Alleghany, have brought among us, for the most part, 'the halt, the lean, and the speckled.' To this remark there are a few noble exceptions, for which God be praised. But when our calls are repeatedly met with 'quid dabitur' from those who have taken upon themselves the solemn vows of the Christian ministry, is it possible to repress a rising feeling of indignation? 'What will ye give?' Has not the Lord Jesus Christ anticipated and answered all such inquiries, 'In this world you shall have tribulation,' in the world to come a heavenly crown. And this was sufficient for Paul. With this prospect before him he could exclaim, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' But our young men, with all the ardor of youthful blood to animate them, with a greater and more effectual door opened to them than ever inspired the zeal of Paul, must have more than Paul—must have more than Christ had—to comfort and cherish the body, before they can labor, and perform good and acceptable service to the Lord. Of this spirit of carelessness, how it paralyzes the exertions, blasts the hopes, and spreads gloom over the fair prospects of our Zion! I will venture to say, that in your journeys and exploring tours during a few months past, you have undergone more personal fatigue and discomfort than can be fairly set down to the credit of all the clergymen in Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston together, for their whole lives. And they will come around you on your return, and inquire about your perils and trials by land and by water, in cold and hunger, in sufferings in the wilderness, and say 'you have done well,' and there the chapter ends. Not a man will say, in the overflows of his generous sympathy, and in love of souls for whom Christ died, 'Brother, I will go with you; I will help you; I will cast in my lot with you, and share your joys and sorrows, your hopes and disappointments.' 'O my Lord! what shall the end of these things be?'"

The late improvements made in the Divinity School of Trinity College, as well as in the several courses of collegiate education, have been duly appreciated by the people of Ireland.—We rejoice most heartily over these improvements, and are especially gratified with a marked improvement in the number, and we must add, character of Divinity Students. We expect most confidently to see our Church supplied with a greater number of Spiritual and intelligent Clergymen after a few years than she perhaps ever yet possessed. One very decided improvement in the Divinity department still remains a desideratum, namely, the appointment of a Professor of the Irish language. We are aware, that the plan of appointing a Professor of the instruction of the Divinity classes in Irish has received the cordial sanction of the Provost (as we should have expected,) and of the Board. We are also aware with ease an individual could be found in every way qualified to fill the Professorship. But the funds are not forthcoming for the endowment of the situation. So much has been already done in raising and improving the system of education in our University, that an additional annual demand of £1500 has now fallen on its revenues. The Professorship could be instituted, if a sum of £5000 were raised for its endowment, allowing the £200 per annum for the support of the Professor.—It has been proposed that the Provost, the Earl of Roden, the Members of the University, and the Secretaries of the Irish Society should be trustees for this Professorship; and that the money should be collected in their names, and lodged for the endowment in the bank of Messrs. Latouche and Co.

When we remember that with two millions of our countrymen, Irish is the only language commonly and willingly spoken—is the language of life, that thus upwards of two millions are excluded from the advantage of the Gospel ministry which is exercised by those who are acquainted with that language, and that his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has been absolutely compelled to withdraw a notice to which he some time since gave publicity, 'that after the current year he would not appoint any Curate to an Irish district unless sufficiently acquainted with the Irish language'—we have full and demonstrative evidence that this business should be no longer neglected. Thousands, we might say with truth, millions of our fellow-creatures at home are cut off from the blessings of the Gospel, while few can be found to preach to them "in the tongues wherein they were born the wonderful works of God." We sincerely hope that the original projectors of this blessed work will be met and assisted in bringing it to



a successful termination by the liberal spirit of christian benevolence, which now, thank God, prevails through the empire.—*Dublin Record.*

#### THE POOR IRISHMAN.—A FACT.

Having occasion to call, a short time ago, on a Christian friend who had just returned from Ireland, he gave me the following interesting anecdote, which he had heard from the mouth of the minister of the Gospel, in a sermon preached by him in one of the churches in Dublin.

I think it was an agent of the "Scripture Reader Society," who, in the exercise of his benevolent occupation, called at the lowly abode of a man wretchedly poor, and still more wretchedly ignorant. The man had been a careless dissolute sailor; he had a large family, and got his living by carrying placards on his shoulder about the streets. The visitor asked him if he had a Bible? He replied that he had not, and never had one. He was then asked if he could read? No, he could not! Could his wife read? No, what right had she to read if her husband could not. Could any of his children read? No, none of them. Should he like them to learn? No! He did not want them to be wiser than their father. Have you never been to church? Never in my life. Such were the short replies of the poor ignorant man to his kind-hearted visitor, who bore with him, spoke kindly to him, and urged him so much to go with him the next sabbath-day, that at last he more than half agreed.

The language of kindness was new to this poor man; but as it generally finds its way to the human heart, so it did to his. He had never been spoken to before about his eternal welfare and no one had ever been interested in his going to heaven or escaping from hell.

On the morning of the sabbath the visitor called for him, but found him not at home; his wife, however, informed him, that her husband, ashamed of walking along the streets with such a gentleman, had gone forward to wait for him at the door. This the visitor found to be the case, and on arriving there he took the poor man in with him, who, after the service, expressed himself well pleased with what he had heard; but could not understand why the minister "every now and then held down his head, and poked about for sweeter words." He was told these words were from the Bible, the word of God, which the minister had before him.

The poor man was induced again and again to go where the Gospel was preached, until, through the divine blessing, it reached his heart. His children were sent to school, and, he himself began to learn to read. Having much time on his hands while walking the streets in his accustomed employment, he learned a few words now and then as he went along. On one occasion, when he had been poring over the text, "And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely," without being able to make out the word "whosoever," which was too long and too hard for him; he stopped a lad, to ask him what the word was? The lad, who could read very well told him it was "whosoever." "Whosoever," said the poor man, "and what does whosoever mean?" "Why," replied the lad, "whosoever means any body." "Any body," said the poor Irishman, "any body? why then it means me." Delighted with this discovery, he went on his way rejoicing to think that he was among those who were invited to come and take of the water of life. Ignorant as he was, the knowledge of the word of God made him wise, and he was led as a humble, convinced, and contrite sinner, to the cross of Christ, and found that mercy which a sense of his own unworthiness urged him to seek.

It happened that some of the congregation attending the church, felt a little humbled in kneeling to receive the sacrament with one who earned his daily bread by carrying placards about the streets on his back. It was judiciously pointed out to them, that it was in that very lowly situation that the grace of God had found him; but that if they did not like his carrying about placards, the better way would be to render it unnecessary by mending his situation. This suggestion was adopted, and the poor man was set up in a little way of business, which his industry, sobriety, and attention, rendered productive. There is a text which says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and this blessed portion of Scripture seemed to be realized in the experience of the poor man by an increase of his worldly comforts. A lady who attended the same church, struck by his piety and Christian course, left him fifty pounds in her will, and being called away from this world of mingled trials and mercies soon after, this sum was added to the earthly possessions of the poor Irishman. There is a suitability in God's mercies that is often remarkable not only in the thing bestowed, but in the time of its bestowal. Had this sum been put into the hands of the poor man before his mind had been enlightened, and his habits changed, most likely it would have been squandered away in folly and sin; but it was received at a period when he had learned the advantage, as well as the duty of sobriety and carefulness. The poor Irishman went on prosperously, adding to his temporal comforts, and increasing in spiritual gifts, till the providence of God opened a way for his coming to London. He was there enabled to build a house to dwell in, and so deeply was the goodness of his heavenly Father imprinted on his mind, that he had a part of it built expressly for the purpose of devoting it to God. He can now not only read his Bible, but finds a pleasure in reading it to others, and often for this purpose, his neighbors are assembled together. He tells them what he was, and they see what he is; a man fearing God, and a humble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ; living a sober righteous, and godly life, and looking forward to a world of unutterable glory, through the merits and sacrifice of his Redeemer.

Ponder, for a moment, on the lesson this man affords. A drunken, blaspheming sailor; a poor ignorant, ungodly placard-bearer, who knew not a letter of his alphabet, and who never entered the house of prayer, is visited in the spirit of Christian kindness by one whose object is to do him good. The simple means used are blessed so abundantly that the man becomes a reader of the holy Scriptures, his soul magnifying the Lord, and his spirit rejoicing in God his Saviour. His children are instructed to remem-

ber their Creator in the days of their youth; his temporal and spiritual mercies increase; he spreads around him the influence of his piety, and furnishes to his neighbors a practical illustration of the text before quoted, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." A word kindly spoken, a deed done in a Christian spirit, a humble attempt to bring an ignorant fellow-creature to a knowledge of God on the part of the reader of this paper, accompanied by the divine blessing, may produce the same effect.—(*London Tract Magazine.*)

#### DEISM.

The following reasons were given by a reclaimed infidel for renouncing Deism and embracing Christianity.

1. That I never saw, heard, or read of any man, woman, or child, that was reformed, either in whole or in part, by embracing the principles of deism.

2. That I have known hundreds, heard of thousands, who have been reformed by embracing Christianity.

3. That I have known industrious and sober men, who, by imbibing the principles of deism, almost instantly became desperately wicked, and in many instances dangerous members of civil society.

4. That I have known many deists, and many scoffers at religion, speedily and effectually turned from the most abandoned practices, by the preaching of the gospel, to a life of righteousness, which showed itself by sobriety, industry, charity, brotherly kindness, and universal philanthropy.

5. That I do not recollect ever hearing but one deist profess really to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments.

6. That I never met with a man who professed to be a real Christian, but what built his principal hopes upon the reality of a future state.

7. That I cannot, in all deistical writings, find any law to prevent wickedness and encourage virtue, with rewards and punishments annexed thereto.

8. That in scripture all the crimes that man can possibly commit, are, under the severest penalties forbid, and every possible virtue inculcated and encouraged, by promises of eternal and exceeding great rewards.

9. I have seen deists; and read of many who, at the apparent point of death, were seized with the most horrible despair, uttering the most bitter reflections against themselves for their neglect of those duties commanded in the gospel. But who ever heard of a Christian, at the hour of death, despairing of the mercy of God, because he had all his lifetime rejected deism; and shunned the company of its professors?—Or even when long, fierce diseases had shaken the nervous system, and raging fevers inflamed the blood, have they ever been so far deranged as to wish they had never been born, for not rejecting the Bible as a wicked and mischievous imposition on the human race?—*American Protestant Vindictor.*

#### MOURNING APPAREL.

There is, in the annexed communication—which comes to us in an unknown hand—such a touching earnestness, and such deep-felt convictions, as of themselves to commend to attentive consideration, the arguments put forth against the custom of wearing mourning apparel for a deceased relative.

Coinciding, as we do, moreover, to a great degree; in the sentiments here expressed, we the more readily give place to them.—*N. Y. American.*

So bigoted do we become to long established usages, that we too rarely ask of our proper pride, the question, "Are these customs based upon correct principles, upon motives honorable to human nature, or human intellect—or are they the offspring of prejudice and superstition—of an unenlightened age—of a narrow-minded bigotry, which should find little sympathy in an age when education in every form is so easily attained?" I have read many a rational and feeling paragraph within the last ten years on the subject which suggests these reflections. I mean the custom so widely prevalent, of wearing mourning apparel at the death of friends. It seems to me that the strongest circumstance which can be adduced in support of the custom is its antiquity; and objections may be urged to it which have the more important sanction of reason and good feeling. I feel deeply the difficulty as well as the delicacy of the task of opposing the tide of public opinion on a subject like this; and were I not myself among the bereaved—had I not tasted the cup of affliction—I should feel that I had not the right to touch upon, much less to dictate in a matter thus connected with the finest sensibilities and the holiest impulses of our nature. Those possessed of the strongest feelings and the warmest attachments to family and friends, would naturally be the most difficult to persuade that this outward manifestation of grief for the loss of a relative, could be dispensed with, without disrespect to the memory of the departed; for the association of black garments with death, with consequent sorrow, the solemn procession, the yawning tomb, and all the sad accompaniments of this mournful ceremony, is so direct that it seems a rude, an unholy liberty, to break the chain. Yet who of those whom death has made familiar with these heart-rending scenes, but has felt the dreadful, the sickening inappropriateness of the preparations which custom has ordained to break in upon the poignant sorrow of the bereaved? Who has not felt, when the heart is mourning by the scarce cold clay of the friend whose spirit has just fled its earthly tenement, that the sight of crapes and stuffs, the presence of a mantua-maker or a tailor, the process of measuring, of fitting and of consulting, about the form, the fashion and the price: who has not felt, I say, deeply, and with disgust, that these preparations are a cruel outrage to nature and to sentiment? Oh! I have felt it—sadly and sorely I have felt it, as I stood by the remains of my beloved brothers and sisters, as one by one they have fallen under the unrelenting hand of disease; leaving the heart desolate and the hopes withered. Never, never shall I forget the feelings with which I crept through the streets with swollen eyes and bursting heart, to a tailor's shop to be measured for a suit of black clothes, when death had just made his first inroad into our then large family! We had never, till then, known affliction. A beloved brother, a saint in character, and the eldest

of the family, to whom we all looked up for counsel and example, was taken away after a long illness and great suffering. It was then, though quite young, that I was first impressed—deeply—with the cruelty of this heart-sickening custom, and wept in vain, when assured by my parents that its observance was necessary.

That sacred grief which such bereavements call forth, intuitively shuns observation, and had not the season of mourning better be passed in quiet and meditation, undisturbed by the jarring the harsh, and the sickening subjects of dress and fashion? E.

From the Episcopal Recorder.  
COWPER.

The character and writings of Cowper are so deeply interesting to all who combine a taste for literature, with a love for religion, that the events of his life have been sought out with peculiar avidity. Some of them have been veiled in a mystery, which has not at all tended to diminish the anxiety for increased information.

In the life of Cowper by Grimshaw,\* (the biographer of Leigh Richmond) many circumstances are detailed which have hitherto been concealed from the public eye. Some of these it will be interesting to our readers to learn, and as the work has not been republished in this country, extracts on these points will not be unacceptable. We shall also recur in the course of our remarks to other sources of information.

It is well known to all who are acquainted with Cowper's history, that religion was not the cause of the singular and melancholy monomania which involved in gloom so many of his best years. The disease exhibited itself in its worst form before the poet's thoughts were seriously directed to religion. When they were, the darkness of his mind gave way to light and peace of many years duration, and imparted to him the only happiness which in this world he ever experienced. At length his constitutional malady inflicted another wound, which not even spiritual influences were permitted to heal, although they doubtless contributed much to alleviate its anguish.

The morbid temperament of Cowper's mind was excited in no small degree by two events, one of which was the death of his early friend, Sir William Russel. The other, of which the particulars have hitherto been known but to a few individuals, (and to which Mr. Hayley alludes in general terms,) was the mutual but disappointed attachment between himself and his cousin, Miss Theodora Cowper. To these events he alludes in the following lines, addressed, as is now made known, to Miss Cowper:—

"Doom'd, as I am, in solitude to waste  
The present moments, and regret the past;  
Deprived of every joy I valued most;  
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost:  
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,  
The dull effect of humor or of spleen;  
Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,  
Him—snatched by fate, in early youth away;  
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,  
Fid'd in her choice, and faithful but in vain.  
See me, ere yet my destined course half done,  
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown;  
See me, neglected on the world's rude coast,  
Each dear companion of my youth lost.  
Nor ask, why circumstances thus have been,  
And ready tears wait only to flow.  
Why all that soothes a heart, from anguish free,  
And that delights the happy—palls with me."

The name of Miss Cowper was never uttered by her unhappy relative after their separation, never mentioned in his presence. The subject was understood by his friends to be a prohibited one, and there can be no doubt that it was passed over by Mr. Hayley in compliance with the express wishes of Miss Cowper's family. The lines which we have quoted are said by him to be addressed "to a female relative," to whose memory he was indebted for the knowledge of them, the letter which contained them having been destroyed. The death of Miss Cowper in 1834, at an advanced age, has removed the veil of secrecy from the events in which she was interested.

It now appears that the reciprocal attachment of the parties was disappointed by the father of the lady, the uncle of Cowper. He objected to their union, first on account of their near relationship, and secondly the insufficiency of Cowper's fortune. His subsequent derangement put an end to all his hopes of change in this determination: Both parties remained single through life.

The occasion which first brought out into full excitement the latent and gloomy tendencies of Cowper's mind is well known. Proposed as the candidate for a situation which required him to appear before the House of Lords, his morbidly sensitive feelings induced him to shun the scrutiny, even by a resort to suicide. Being provisionally disappointed in his attempts, the reaction of his mind produced derangement. On his restoration the Bible attracted his attention and was the means of dispersing his gloom.—After some desponding reflections upon his truths, he read the 25th verse of the 3d chapter of Romans, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood," &c.

"Immediately," he says in the brief memoir of his early years, written by himself, "I received strength to believe it, and the full beams of the Sun of righteousness shone upon me.—I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification.—In a moment I believed and received the gospel... My eyes filled with tears and my voice choked with transport, I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder... I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace; but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? Could I do otherwise than love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus! The Lord had enlarged my heart and I ran in the way of his commandments.—"

\* Mr. Grimshaw's publication embraces the life and poetical works of Cowper, with the exception of his translation of Homer. It is in eight 12mo. volumes, of which the memoir occupies five. This includes nearly all of Hayley's, together with the private correspondence of Cowper, published by Dr. Johnson, and important additions from other sources. Southey has also published a memoir of Cowper, but he has been debarred from the use of the "private correspondence," by the copy-right and cannot be competent to set forth the religious experience of the poet, with discrimination and impartiality. In all other respects his qualifications are undoubted.

For many succeeding weeks tears were ready to flow, if I did but speak of the gospel or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was all my employment: Too happy to sleep much, I thought it was but lost time that was spent in slumber. O that the ardour of my first love had continued! But I have known many a lifeless and unhallowed hour since, long intervals of darkness interrupted by short returns of joy and peace in believing."

The state of mind which he here describes continued from the year 1765 to 1773, during the greater part of which time he lived in intimate and happy intercourse with the Rev. John Newton at Olney. In 1773, his second attack of derangement commenced, and for five years he remained in a state of unalleviated gloom and depression. During the five succeeding years he experienced some relief, but it was not until after this period that his mind recovered its energy. Nor did he then obtain deliverance from the sad delusion which had taken root in the long period of darkness. He still continued to entertain the strange belief, that at a particular moment his life which had been given as a loan was recalled, and for his disobedience in not restoring it, he was doomed to the everlasting displeasure of God. With this dreadful delusion on his mind, but with a perfect submission to the will of God, he wrote the poems which are destined to remain while our language shall endure as a part of its purest and brightest ornaments. His delusion was therefore of the character of monomania, though the term does not appear to be strictly applicable during the first part of his attack. "The extent of Cowper's delusions of mind," it is remarked in the Christian Observer, "was probably greater than his best friends were aware.—It comes out incidentally in one of his letters to Mr. Newton, that for thirteen years he had not believed the Mr. Newton, then so called to be his old friend, and an impostor."

Mr. Cecil, in his memoirs of Newton gives some interesting information relative to Cowper's state of mind and habits at Olney, and remarks with much judgment upon the causes of his subsequent derangement. As there are doubtless many of our readers who are not acquainted with this work of Mr. Cecil we quote from it the following passage:—

"Mr. N. told me that from Mr. Cowper's first coming to Olney, it was observed he had studied his Bible with such advantage and was so well acquainted with its design, that not only his troubles were removed, but that to the end of his life he never had clearer views of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel than when he first became an attendant upon them: that (short intervals excepted) Mr. Cowper enjoyed a course of peace for several successive years: that, during this period, the inseparable attendants of a lively faith appeared, by Mr. Cowper's exerting himself to the utmost of his power in every benevolent service he could render to his poor neighbours; and that Mr. N. used to consider him as a sort of curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted, in that large and necessitous parish."

"But the malady which seemed to be subdued by the strong consolations of the gospel, was still latent: and only required some occasion of irritation to break out again, and overwhelm the patient. Any object of constant attention, that shall occupy a mind previously disordered, whether fear, or love, or science, or religion, will not be so much the cause of the disease, as the accidental occasion of exciting it. Cowper's letters will show us how much his mind was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer; but his melancholy was originally a constitutional disease, a physical disorder, which, indeed could be affected either by the Bible or by Homer, but was utterly distinct in its nature from the mere matter of either.—And here I cannot but mark this necessary distinction, having often been witness to cases where religion has been assigned as the proper cause of insanity, when it has been only an accidental occasion, in the case of one already affected.\* Thus Cowper's malady, like a strong current, breaking down the banks which had hitherto sustained the pressure and obliquity of its course, prevailed against the supports he had received, and precipitated him again into his former distress."

"I have been an eye-witness of several instances of this kind of misrepresentation, but will detain the reader with mentioning only one. I was called to visit a woman whose mind was disordered, and on my observing, that it was a case which required the assistance of a physician rather than that of a clergyman, her husband replied: "Sir, we sent to you, because it is a religious case—her mind has been injured by constantly reading the Bible."—"I have known many instances," said I, "of persons brought to their senses by reading the Bible; but it is possible, that too intense an application to that, as well as to any other subject, may have disordered your wife." "There is every proof of it," said he, and was proceeding to multiply his proofs, till his brother interrupted him by thus addressing me:—

"Sir, I have no longer patience to stand by and see you imposed on. The truth of the matter is this; my brother has forsaken his wife, and been long connected with a loose woman. He had the best of wives in her, and one who was strongly attached to him; but she has seen his heart and property given to another, and in her solitude and distress, went to the Bible, as the only consolation left her. Her health and spirits at length sunk under her troubles; and there she lies distracted, not from reading the Bible, but from the infidelity and cruelty of her husband." Does the reader wish to know what reply the husband made to this? He made no reply at all, but left the room with confusion of face.

#### ANECDOTES OF REV JOHN HOWE.

When Mr. Howe was compelled by the melancholy state of the times to quit the public charge of his beloved congregation at Torrington, impressed with a sense of duty, he embraced every opportunity of preaching the word of life. He and Mr. Flavel used frequently to conduct their secret meditations at night, at different houses in the north of Devonshire.—One of these was Hunscombe, an ancient mansion belonging to the family of Rolle, between Torrington and Southampton. Yet even there the observant eye of malevolence was upon them. Mr. Howe had been officiating there in a dark and tempestuous wintry night, when an alarm was made that information had been given, and a warrant granted to apprehend him.—It was judged prudent for him to quit the house but in riding over a large common he and his servant missed their way. After several fruitless efforts to recover it the attendant went forward to seek for a habitation where they might either find directions or a lodging. He soon discovered a mansion, and received a cheer-

ful invitation to rest there for the night. But how great was Mr. Howe's surprise to find on his arrival that the house belonged to his most inveterate enemy, a country magistrate, who had often breathed the most implacable vengeance against him, and he had reason to believe was well acquainted with the reason of his travelling at such an hour. However, he put the best face he could upon it, and even mentioned his name and residence to the gentleman; trusting to Providence for the result.—His host ordered supper to be provided, and entered into a long conversation with his guest, and was so delighted with his company that it was a very late hour before he could permit him to retire to his chamber. In the morning, Mr. Howe expected to be accosted with a commitment, but on the contrary, he was received by the family at breakfast with a very hearty welcome. After mutual civilities, he departed to his own abode, greatly wondering in himself at the kindness of the man from whom he had before dreaded so much. Not long after, the gentleman sent for Mr. Howe, who found him confined to bed by sickness; and still more deeply wounded with the sense of sin. He acknowledged that when Mr. Howe came first to his door, he inwardly rejoiced that he had an opportunity of exercising his malice upon him: but that his conversation and his manner insensibly awed him into respect. He had since ruminated on the observations which had fallen from the man of God, and was become a penitent earnestly anxious for the blessings of eternal life. From that sickness he recovered, became an eminent Christian, and intimate companion with the man whom he had threatened with his vengeance.

Mr. Howe and his father-in-law, the Rev. George Hughes, carried on a weekly mutual correspondence in Latin. In one of those letters, there was a passage which circumstances rendered very striking. Mr. Howe happened to have a fire in his house at Torrington, which might have been ruinous to his family if violent rain which fell just at that time had not contributed greatly to extinguish it. On that very day it so fell out that he received a letter from his father-in-law, Mr. Hughes, which concluded with this prayer *sit ros celi super tabernaculum vestrum*; let the dew of heaven be upon your dwelling; which was a prayer, the seasonableness of which for his children in the letter of it, the good man could not apprehend at the time of writing, but they could not but affectionately mark it at the receipt of it.—*N. Y. Chris. Int.*

#### MISSIONARY.

It gives us great pleasure to hear of the usefulness of our Mission at Green Bay. The following from the Christian Witness will be read with interest:—

LITCHFIELD, MARCH 29TH, 1836.

Mr. Editor.—The following letter from Louisa Powell, to a member of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church in this place, will I trust be deemed worthy of publication. She has been at the Mission four years, and Mrs. Brown writes that as far as she can learn, she was for a considerable period considered one of the most unpromising of the school. It will be remembered that Louisa became, by profession, a follower of Jesus about one year since.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your kind letter with great pleasure and gratitude. It was very kind in you to write to one that you have never seen and to feel so much interested in all that concerns me, and it is with great pleasure that I now sit down to write you these lines.—You say that I must tell you what my thoughts and feelings are, and I will try to do so, for I think it would not be right if we were to write what we did not really think. Dear friend, I have often thought how strange it is, that the people who are living so far from us should feel so much interested in us, that they should be willing to do any thing for us. Nothing but the love of God in their hearts, could make them feel so anxious to do good to their fellow creatures. I sometimes think that if we were living amongst them, that they could not do any thing more than what they are doing at present.—Dear friend, tell them that I feel very grateful to them for showing so much kindness to us, and that I shall always remember them with gratitude. Though I may not know who they are, yet God knows and he will reward them.—How pleasant will these words sound in the ears of those that have showed kindness to the poor, when Christ shall say at the last day, to them on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungry and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me." How grateful should I feel to God for raising so many kind friends!—Though He has taken away those that I loved most on earth, He has not left me destitute.—He has provided me a friend that is willing to do any thing to make me happy. Perhaps you would like to know who this person is, that is so kind to me,—she is Miss Crawford. I cannot bear to write without saying a few words about this kind lady. I shall always think she is the best friend I have on earth; though I have often been disobedient to her, and sometimes caused her sorrow, she has not ceased to be kind to me, but I hope I shall never cause her any more sorrow, by the help of God. Dear friend, I cannot but feel grateful to God when I think of all the mercies he has shown to me, and how often I have been ungrateful to Him. I had never been taught to thank God for his mercies to me, before I came here. You will, perhaps, be surprised to hear this, but it is true. Happy are those that are born of Christian parents, and are early taught to love their Saviour. But blessed be the name of God, though I was not born of Christian parents, He has brought me where I have been taught to love Him.—Dear friend, it is my chief desire that I may love and serve him unto the end. I cannot write any more at present. I hope I shall have the pleasure to hear from you again.

I remain your unworthy friend,

LOUISA M. POWELL.

Mrs. Brown adds—"Louisa is an excellent girl and should her life be spared, it will in all probability be spent in imparting to others the same instructions, and I hope blessings, that she has enjoyed at this mission, and from what she has written you can judge how highly she



prizes, and how well she has improved them.—She is very fond of teaching, and often takes charge of the school when Miss Crawford is otherwise engaged, and performs the duties of the station in a very acceptable manner. I think she is indeed a Christian, and, as she writes, it is her chief desire to love and serve God. With such feelings and principles she cannot but be useful at some of our missionary stations, and is particularly well qualified, as she already speaks four different languages, and understands two more. We have recently had an addition to our number, of a whole family of Menominees; among them was one pair of twins, between three and four years old, who are very well pleased to stay with the whites, as they say, and the father of them has staid with us and worked faithfully ever since he placed his children here. You would have been pleased to have seen him prepared for Church on Sunday, with a clean white blanket and white shirt, which I suppose he never had before, and when there, apparently one of the most attentive of the congregation.

From the Church Missionary Register.

#### GREEK SCHOOLS.

Since my last I have visited Vourlah and Magnesia. At Vourlah we held the examination of our Schools, which, I can safely affirm, is the first of its kind ever witnessed there.—At the examination of the High School of boys and girls, two Turkish Imams, who were present and who could not even understand Greek, seeing two girls of five and a half years old read the Psalter, and answer to questions on Sacred History, and the elements of Geography, exclaimed, "The end of the world is come!" and at the Infants' School, the women shed tears of joy on hearing their children answer so readily to so many questions which themselves knew not, both on religious and useful subjects. I must confess, considering the short time that these schools have been established, (between six and seven months,) and the irregular attendance of the children, their progress is greater than at any of our other schools. But it must be observed, that we have first-rate masters there. I could see nothing but joy expressed in the countenances of those who were present; and I cannot but believe that God intends to use these schools as instruments of great good to the numerous inhabitants of this town. I had my Turkish master with me; and we called on all Turks of distinction and learning, who received us kindly. I showed them the manuscripts, in Turkish, intended for a school book, with which they were pleased; and the Imams who were present at the examination, came on purpose to beg that it might be printed for them. I told them that we wished to do so.—A similar feeling was expressed by some Turks at Magnesia, as will be seen in the sequel.

I have again made inquiry into the number of the different people that inhabit Magnesia, and was told about 8500, the Greek 1200, the Armenians 450, the Jewish 100. Taking five souls to a house, we obtain 51,250; which, are either badly supplied with the means of instruction or not at all. For instance, we went to Choros Kyoi, a Greek village of 140 houses, half an hour from town, where we found no school, nor a child able to read or write. Hearing that we were come to establish schools in the town, one of the most respectable natives, who here only lives there in summer, went with us to the Church, to see whether a suitable room might not be obtained for a school. As there was none to be had without building one, he then brought us to his own house, and asked, "Will this do?" We all said, "Yes!" upon which he replied "I will gladly present it for the purpose of a school." There is, therefore, nothing wanted but a master, to provide these people with the means of instruction. I then asked the priests why they did not teach some children. They replied, "We can only read our Church-books; but do not know the new characters." I did not promise to open this school for the present; for I think it is scarcely practicable to do any thing here till a missionary can be stationed at Magnesia.

### THE OBSERVER.

GAMBIER, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1836.

The present number has been unavoidably delayed for want of paper.

NOTICE OF BISHOP McJAVINE'S NEXT VISITATION.  
Wednesday, July 27. St. Peter's, Delaware.  
Thursday, 28. St. Paul's, Radnor.  
Sunday, 31. Trinity Church, Columbus.  
Thursday, Aug. 4. All Saints', Portsmouth.  
Sunday, " 7. St. Paul's, Chillicothe.

KENYON COLLEGE.—The annual commencement of this Institution will take place on Monday the 5th day of September next.—More particular notice of the exercises of the day, examinations &c. will be given hereafter.

The Bishop, during his late visitation from which he returned last week, consecrated the new Churches of St. Paul's, Newark; St. Stephen's, Grafton, and St. John's, Cuyahoga Falls.

The Rev. Mr. Barrow, late of the Diocese of Maryland, has taken charge of the parishes of Christ Church, Franklin, and St. Paul's, Akron.

#### THE NEXT CONVENTION.

It is expected that at the next Convention of this Diocese a greater number of candidates for orders will be ordained than have ever received holy orders in our Church at one time and place, west of the Atlantic cities. The Rev. Dr. Milnor is expected to be present as Agent in behalf of the Missionary Society of the Church. It is hoped that the Bishop of Michigan recently consecrated will also be present and assisting in the spiritual services connected with the Convention. The session will commence on the second Thursday of September, at ten o'clock in the morning, and will be opened with Morning Prayer and a sermon. At some appropriate time of the session, the Bp. will deliver a Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese. The ordination will take place on the morning of the Sunday following the opening of the Convention; accompanied, as usual, by the administration of the holy communion.

It is hoped that the clergy will be general and punctual in attendance and that the parishes will all be represented by lay-delegations. But attendance on Conventions should not be confined to the clergy and the parochial delegations, any more than the time allotted to the presence of Conventions for the Church should be spent merely in ecclesiastical

business. It is a time to do good, as well as to do business. It is a time to cultivate brotherly love, to draw together in holy fellowship the several, scattered portions of our extended communion; a time for the children of our one household to eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup, and feel that they are every one members one of another; It is a time to unite our hearts in special prayer for the prosperity of our beloved Zion; to lay aside for a few days the cares of this world and in mutual reciprocations of Christian regard and a common participation in means of grace to seek a re-animation of humble, holy, affectionate zeal for Christ and His Church. How precious would be each Convention of the Diocese in its spiritual effects, if with such benefits and pleasures in view, there should be an annual going up, of those who are able, to the place of its assembling, as tribes of the true Israel to Zion; and if, while gathered together, a spirit of prayer and brotherly love should prevail in the great congregation. Let us hope for such a spirit at the ensuing convention. Let each attendant be careful to take with him a heart hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Let not the business of the convention be undervalued or too much restricted in point of time or attention. It is the chief object unquestionably, and should be done carefully and well. But let other and more spiritual objects be so pursued and in such a mind that it may be indeed in spirit and influence "a holy convocation," "a feast unto the Lord."

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP McCOSKRY.—We learn from the Episcopal Recorder that this interesting ceremony took place in Philadelphia on the 7th inst. the services having been deferred from the 5th in consequence of the illness of Bishop White. His illness continuing, Bishop H. U. Onderdonk was selected as consecrating Bishop, assisted by Bishop's Doane and Kemper. The sermon was preached by Bp. K. In reference to Bishop White the Editor of the Recorder remarks—

It is with the deepest and most heart-felt sorrow that we are constrained to announce the dangerous illness of the very aged and venerable patriarch of the American Church, who for nearly a half century has presided in her councils, and by his wisdom, under God, has so far guided her safely amid the dangers and difficulties by which she was surrounded in her earlier days. It is worthy of remark and of grateful acknowledgment to the great Head of the Church, that the present occasion of the consecration of a Bishop, is the first which has occurred, from which the Right Rev. Bishop White has been absent. The church which is composed of so many links is at length sundered.

St. John's Church, Ohio City.—The account kindly furnished us by a correspondent of the laying of the cornerstone of this Church has been accidentally mislaid and we are unable to make the use of it which we intended.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—The Treasurer of the Board of Missions, and Education for the Diocese of Ohio reports the following receipts from 1st April to 1st July.

1836. To amount acknowledged April 1st, \$1141 00	
May 4 Rec'd from Harcourt Parish, weekly offerings for April, for Education, 50	
for General purposes, \$16 78	17 48
April 26 Lieut. E. R. Long, Cincinnati for Education, 20 00	
D. L. Caswell, Cincinnati, for Ed. 37 50	
J. Butler, " do 18 75	
Charles Shultz, " do 10 00	
Major Gwynne, " do 37 50	
Mrs. Duval, P. Benson's Scholar, 37 50	
Rev. J. T. Brooke, for Ed. 37 50	
Christ Ch., Cincinnati, weekly offerings, for Diocesan Miss. \$40 00	
for Education, 21 00	61 00
H. Rockey, Education, 5 00	
Harcourt Parish, weekly offerings for June, General purposes \$16 93	
for Education, 2 55	35 37
Diocesan Missions, 35 37	
July 1. Total Receipts, \$1458 60	
Since 1st July there have been received from St. Paul's, Newark, for General purposes 12 75	
Union Church, Liverpool, do 7 00	
Harcourt Parish, Gambier, weekly offerings for June, 24 07	
Rev. E. W. Peet in full of Scholarship pledged by him 75 00	

EVANGELISTS IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Our readers are probably aware that a class of ministers with this designation have been employed among congregationalists and presbyterians, as itinerants to visit the Churches, being devoted especially to the business of excitement, and to the promotion of revivals. Manifest evils have resulted, as might have been anticipated, from such a system. They have at length attracted the notice of those whom they most affect. In the General Association of Connecticut recently held, the practice has been decidedly condemned, as the following resolution among others will show.

That the operations of itinerant agents and lecturers, attempting to enlighten the churches in respect to particular points of Christian doctrine and Christian morality, and to control the religious sentiments of the community, on topics which fall most appropriately within the sphere of pastoral instruction, and of pastoral discretion, as to time and manner, without the advice and consent of pastors and regular ecclesiastical bodies, is an unauthorized interference with the rights, duties and discretion of the stated ministry; dangerous to the influence of the pastoral office, and fatal to the peace and good order of the churches.

To show still farther in what light these men begin to be regarded in their own church we give the following extracts from the remarks of the Rev. Mr. Kirk, and Dr. Beecher while the resolutions were under discussion.

Mr. Kirk observed that the effect of the labors of evangelists is often most disastrous. Once he thought differently, but several years experience and observation had convinced him of his mistake. Sometimes an evangelist would go into a place and do much good, and preserve the influence of the settled pastor unimpaired; but too often the result was different. Mr. K. described to life how itinerating evangelists will make a few sermons on a few favorite exciting topics,—go into a place, produce an excitement—make an impression on the minds of the people that their minister is a dull, cold-hearted man, and often be the means of breaking him up. Thus they will do—disaffect the people towards their own minister, and render them anxious to get one like the wonderful evangelist; when if the evangelist himself should settle, he could not stay a year.

The effect of such labor is disastrous another way. It makes people feel that they must take hold and do up their work while the evangelist is with them. When he leaves, the excitement abates,—the work is abandoned. This is fatal to the interests of religion. It is as if a farmer should make a bee once a year to do up all his work, and then spend the rest of his time in idleness. What would be the condition of that man's farm? What would be his own condition? God has made arrangements to have his people always abounding in the work of the Lord,—to have religion flourish continually. Every church should be like an orange grove, which always presents to the eye the verdant leaf, the flower, the green and ripe fruit. But this cannot be while our regular system is interrupted by the movements of evangelists, which confine to a particular period all exhortation, prayer and effort; leaving all other seasons dreary as death.

Dr. Beecher began by saying he wished to confess his sin. Formerly he thought it a fine thing to have evangelists to move among the churches to assist settled pastors. But he was wrong.

The system of evangelism depreciates the ministry. It teaches the Churches to look away from the help which God hath appointed. They go abroad for foreign aid.—Now in the natural and moral world God hath ordained that there should be order and law. He hath placed the sun in the heavens and causes all the other bodies to revolve around it. But what confusion, disorder and ruin would ensue, if a flying comet were made the center, and all the

universe should roll around it! Suppose there were two moons,—the one pulling one way, the other the other.—What effect would they have on the tide?—In the church, the pastor is the sun; the source of light and center of sweet influence. This is God's established order of things. Break up this, and we have disorder and every evil work. The miseries of hell are unspeakably great, because its inhabitants have no law. Cast aside the restraints of civil government,—break down the laws of Christ's house, and we have above ground—even in the bosom of the church, the torments of the lower world. The influence of evangelists is to break up the established system and order of Christ's house.

### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION.—On Sunday, July 10th, in St. James' Church, in this city, Messrs. John W. Hoffman, Walter C. Francis, John S. Breeman, and John E. Hoff, were admitted to the holy order of Deacons by the Right Rev. Bishop H. U. Onderdonk. Morning prayer was conducted, and the candidates presented by the Rev. J. W. James; the sermon preached by Bishop Onderdonk; and the Litany read by the Right Rev. Bishop McCoskry.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

On the fifth Sunday after Trinity, July 3, the Bishop of this diocese held an ordination in Grace Church in this city [New York] when the following gentlemen, who at the commencement of the General Theological Seminary, on the preceding Friday, had received the honors of that institution, and been thus enrolled among its alumni, were admitted to the holy order of deacons, viz. Lloyd Windsor, A. B., Henry L. Storrs, A. B., Henry H. Prout, Frederick F. Penke, James D. Nicholson, Kingston Goddard, A. B., John N. Brown, A. M. and Elmer T. Babity, A. B., of this diocese, and at the request, and in behalf of his diocese, Frederick A. Goodrich, A. M., of Massachusetts. On this interesting occasion, probably the largest ordination ever held in this country, morning prayer was by the Rev. David Butler, D. D. of Troy, assisted by the Rev. John McVickar, D. D., professor of Moral Philosophy, &c. in Columbia College, who read the lessons, the sermon preached by the Right Rev. Nathaniel Bowen, D. D., bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina, and the candidates presented by the Rev. William R. Willingham, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Seminary, who, together with the Rev. Bird Wilson, D. D., professor of Systematic Divinity, assisted the Bishops in the administration of the Holy Communion.

In the afternoon, Bishop Onderdonk confirmed eight persons in St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, King's county.—*Churchman.*

BISHOP WHITE.—We can fully sympathize with the deep anxiety which is upon the minds of our Episcopal friends and others, as manifested by the constant inquiries for the health of our aged and beloved senior Bishop; and it is with deep regret that we are unable to announce any thing of improvement in his health. He is much reduced by his sickness and the continued heat of the weather.—*Recorder July 16.*

From the Churchman.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE LAST WEEK, AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEMINARY, at the University of the Church who reside in the city, or who favoured us with their company from abroad, the proceedings of the last week must have afforded high gratification. The sittings of the Board of Missions, which were continued for several days, were public, and their business was conducted with great animation and in a manner which has secured for this Society the respect and credit of the Church. It was indeed a spectacle of deep interest, to behold a representation of all orders and from all parts of our Church, assembled for the purpose of carrying into effect the will of its divine head and publishing to the nations the glad tidings of great joy.—The proceedings of the Board of Managers of the Sunday-school Union, which have been less important, but not less important in their object. The examinations of the students of the General Theological Seminary of the Church which were continued for three days, were well attended, and listened to with evident interest by the spectators. On Wednesday evening the meeting of the Alumni of the Seminary was held in Christ Church, Anthony street, a further account of whose proceedings will be found in another column. The students of this Society in reviewing and commending the early attachments of a much valued and increasing band of clergy, seemed to have been animated by a spirit of deep interest, and every recurring anniversary may witness in an augmented degree, the renewal of the gratifying associations which have distinguished the past. On Thursday evening, an interesting meeting of the Missionary Association was held at the Seminary, a particular account of which has been kindly furnished for our paper; and on Friday the COMMENCEMENT of the Seminary was celebrated in St. John's church. The interest on this as well as on the former occasions, was greatly enhanced by the presence of several visitors from the different sections of the Church. We speak not only our own sentiments, but the sentiments of better judges, when we say that the performances of the graduating class, which they gave evidence of due seriousness, indicated also a highly respectable amount of talent and maturity of mind.—The scene of distributing the diplomas was particularly imposing.

The students of the Seminary, who were seated on either side of him were the bishops of South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Missouri, whose dignity of office and known elevation of character could not have failed of their influence over the minds of the audience, and were finely contrasted in imagination, with the fresh hopes and dawning prospects of the youthful band who looked to the future of the Church with eager interest. The diplomas were distributed by the bishop of New York after which the graduates knelt around the railing, and the blessing was pronounced by the bishop of South Carolina. Bishop Bowen also delivered the address, of which, as it is speedily to be published, it is superfluous to speak.

On the Sunday following, at Grace Church, fourteen of the graduating class were admitted to the holy order of deacons. Never in our country were so many little less than a larger number been ordained at any one time to the work of the Christian ministry in our Church.

The following was the order of the exercises:—*Introductory Prayers—Singing, 100th Psalm, with the doxology.*

Disertation—"Peculiar Sacrifice, of Divine Institution." By George Benton, A. B.

Disertation—"The Gospels subversive of idolatry."—By John W. Brown, A. M.

Disertation—"God is love."—By Clement M. Butler, A. B.

Disertation—"The principles of Christian morals, fixed and immutable."—By William C. Cooley.

Disertation—"The moral condition of the people indicated by their views of the Deity."—By Thomas C. Dupont, A. B.

Singing—An Anthem, 93d Psalm.

Disertation—"On Systematic Charity."—By Kingston Goddard, A. B.

Disertation—"The importance of the doctrine of a future state on the welfare of Society."—By Frederick J. Goodwin, A. B.

Disertation—"The Church, the living temple."—By John W. Hoffman, A. B.

Disertation—"Faith viewed as the gift of God."—By Alfred A. Miller, A. M.

Presentation of the candidates for degrees.

Address by the Right Rev. Nathaniel Bowen, D. D. Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina.

Testimonial given.

Singing—An anthem from the 26th Psalm.

Concluding prayers.

N. B. The members of the graduating class who delivered dissertations were chosen by lot.

THE REV. MR. CONNELLY.—The following remarks of Bishop Otey, in reference to Mr. Connelly, will be read with interest. They confirm the opinion which we expressed at first in regard to the state of Mr. C's mind.—*Churchman.*

"You perhaps expect me to say something about Mr. Connelly's course; I have been several times asked whether I intended to take any notice of the printed letter which he addressed to me. There was nothing in the letter which in my judgment called for an answer. To undertake to answer one when he says 'I doubt,' without assigning directly the reasons of his doubts, is surely 'lost labour.' It is true I took some notice of his letter as this: I instituted the proper proceedings to exercise the discipline of the Church in his case, as soon as I heard of his defection. But he had left the United States before the measures adopted could be brought to bear upon him; and there, for the time being, I conceived my duty to end. His conduct has, in some instances, through the public journals, been the subject of severe, not to say uncharitable comment. I am

of opinion that he rather deserves our commiseration, and should have our prayers. As to the exultation of the Romanists in his case, it is as little creditable to their good sense as it is premature and indecorous to him. I am indeed greatly mistaken, if I have misapprehended the causes which have led to his present unhappy position. He is well known to be a man of remarkably sensitive temperament,—of quick impulses, and one likely to be easily swayed by that which is externally splendid and imposing. The garniture of the Romish Church is exactly such as would be likely to strike with powerful effect upon his imagination, and rouse his feelings. Separated for some years past, by his distant position, from intercourse with his brethren in the ministry, he has felt most keenly the want of that friendly sympathy and countenance which we all experience to be so soothing, refreshing and strengthening under the multiplied difficulties of our stations. I have seen him weep like a child, (it was an amiable weakness,) in recounting the sufferings of his spirit from this cause. Add to these things the well known effects of a debilitating climate upon a feeble physical frame, and the result is not one, in my apprehension, to excite either surprise or amazement. The truth is, that poor Connelly's mind is unbalanced. I was unwilling to believe this at first, but information subsequently obtained, leaves me no doubt of the deplorable fact. As to his piety and honesty of purpose I never entertained any doubts, as far as I felt authorized to form and express a judgment about such things. In a letter which he addressed to me the day before he sailed from New-Orleans for Havre, he declared himself to be a Protestant, and that his object in visiting Europe was to examine for himself the doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church."

THE ROMAN SCHISM.—An English correspondent informs us that the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Percival, a name well known to all who take an interest in the sister Church, is preparing for publication, a Work on the Roman Schism: the object of which is, by means of Ecclesiastical Tradition, as witnessed in the councils and writings of the Fathers, to demonstrate clearly the schismatical position of that body of Christians who are known as the Church of Rome. The work will be divided into two parts: the first containing the Testimonies of the General Councils of the first seven centuries, which will be uniformly found to be, negatively or positively, against the present doctrines of the Church of Rome: the second containing the Testimonies of the Councils, called General, subsequent to the seventh century, which will show how gradually, one by one, error after error was added to that faith, which for the first seven centuries Rome, in common with the rest of Christendom, had maintained pure and inviolate. The decrees of the Councils, will be given in English, with the Greek or Latin originals at the foot of the page. The whole will be accompanied with notes. A limited number only will be printed; and therefore those who wish for copies will do well to order them at once. We learn from the same intelligent source, that a new edition will probably be undertaken in London, of Mr. Edgar's masterly treatise on "the Variations of Popery."—*Missionary.*

MARIETTA, MAY, 1836.

Dear Brother Brainerd,—I send you the following letters for the Journal if you think they will interest your readers. They were addressed to Piny Fish a Choctaw Indian, now pursuing his studies at the College here. He is a man of ardent piety, an elder in the church among his own people, and is now preparing himself for usefulness in his nation. The writers of the letters were his brother-in-law, and his own brothers.

These letters, I show that the gospel has done for those poor Indians, who have embraced it, and what it is fitted to do for all. Who after reading their letters will say that missionaries have gone to the Indians in vain? Who will not say that the consultations of Tumpeah in his dying hour were worth more than all that has been expended in life and treasure in sending to the Indians the gospel, and who will not feel encouraged to give cheerfully and freely to sustain the cause of missions among our poor benighted brethren of the wilderness?

Yours affectionately,

L. G. BINGHAM.

While I sit this day, not with accustomed health of body, attempt to address you, I do it with feelings of friendship and love to you. Nine days have rolled away since I have thus lain on this bed of sickness. Although but a short time has elapsed since I have thus been confined, yet I am confident that the distance between me and the grave is very short, since this body is composed of that which has acquired the true wisdom. This fact causes my soul to be agitated by the contemplation of the things which are to come. What I am about to tell you is most certainly true. Christ has first loved me and died for my redemption. It is on account of this, that although this body is just ready to sink into the grave, I grieve not. But there is one thing which causes me to grieve. It is that Asa my son has not acquired the true wisdom. This fact causes my soul to be agitated by the contemplation of the things which are to come. What I am about to tell you is most certainly true. 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## POETRY.

For the Gambier Observer.

## HYMN

To be sung at the Consecration of St. Stephen's Church, Canfield, Ohio.

Here in this goodly land we raise,  
A temple, Lord, to thee,  
And celebrate thy glorious praise  
In sacred minstrelsy.  
Oh! let thy blessed Spirit pour  
His genial rays around,  
And fill the Church where we adore  
And make it holy ground.

Still may the tender plant we rear,  
How slow soe'er it grows,  
Yet overpass the desert drear,  
And blossom as the rose.  
Here may the Gospel's sound impart  
To every soul distress  
A balm to heal the broken heart,  
And to the weary—rest.

But when this transient life is o'er  
(At best a short-lived flower)—  
Its sorrows past—its griefs no more—  
Its pleasures lost—its power;  
Oh! may we bless the day that cast  
In the Bethesda here,  
The wound that had a power to last,  
Beyond this earthly sphere.

Then let us all in one accord,  
With joyful tongues proclaim,  
The goodness of the mighty Lord,  
The greatness of his name.  
Oh! may we strike the sacred lyre,  
In hymns—while yet we may—  
Until we join the heavenly choir,  
In everlasting day. WALDRON.

## JUVENILE.

AN AFFECTING ACCOUNT OF TWO SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

The following conversation between two little girls, belonging to my class, took place in December last. It was related to me, as the oldest one was lying upon her death bed. I send it for insertion in the Treasury, praying that God will bless it to your little readers. "On the third Sabbath of December," said this little girl, about 8 years of age, "as Mary C. and myself were walking from the Sabbath school, I said to her, Mary, my teacher said that 'I am liable at any moment to die. And, O if God should take me out of the world now, I know I should not be happy!' Said Mary, 'I think that you and I are too young to die.' 'O no,' said I, that cannot be, for my teacher says, that in the grave yard, there are the names of children written on the stones, younger than I am.' At this moment we reached the grave yard. 'Come,' said Mary, 'let us go in, and see if any have died younger than we are. We went in. Mary read aloud, 'here lies the daughter of —, aged 15 months.' We went a little further, and I read 'here lies the son of —, aged 6 years.' 'Oh!' cries Mary, 'that is just my age. I wonder what he died of?' Mary began to cry; and feeling a little unwell myself I also wept, for I thought too that I should die very soon. We went out of the yard, and entering a barn close by, kneeled down and prayed. 'O Lord, have mercy on us, poor sinners. Give us new hearts. May we love thee while young; and while young prepare to die. O Lord, we do thank thee that we have been sent to the Sabbath school. Prepare us for death. And when we die, may we go to heaven.' After we had prayed we came home. I had not been in the house but a little while, when I began to feel quite sick. O ma, said I, I feel very sick, and I fear that I shall die. 'Why so, Susan,' said my mother, 'why do you fear that you shall die?' 'Because, I have a dreadful pain in my side, and I have felt all day, as though I should die soon.' 'But are you afraid to die, my dear child?' 'I fear if I should die now, that I should not be happy; that I shall not dwell where Christ is.' Addressing herself to me, she said 'Mr. D. —, will you and mother pray for me, that I may be prepared to die, and go to heaven?' 'O yes, Susan,' said I, 'but you must pray also.' She did, and soon after rejoiced in a good hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Though she was a picture of health on Sabbath morning, yet at night, disease was preying upon her, and threatening her speedy dissolution. Her distress was short and severe. She appeared calm and reconciled. 'Tell my dear school-mates,' said she, 'that I am going to die, that I am not afraid, for God has forgiven my sins, and I am happy. O yes, I am very happy. Tell them, that they are not too young to die—that they are not too young to repent, and turn to God.' Her strength became exhausted—her pulse beat fainter and fainter, her eyes sparkled—a delightful smile was upon her cheeks—and her immortal spirit winged its flight to the upper world—to the bosom of God. On the next Sabbath, while informing my scholars of the sudden and happy death of Susan, I observed that little Mary was absent. I inquired of the scholars, if they knew the cause of her absence, and was then informed, for the first time, that she was dangerously sick. When the school was dismissed, I visited and prayed with her.

But alas! in a few moments, the poor little girl, who on the preceding Sabbath had said, "she was too young to die," was no more. I have reason to believe, that the only religious instruction she ever received was in the Sabbath school. Her conduct in school was always punctual and constant in her attendance. Whenever the scholars were addressed, she paid particular attention. After she and Susan had had this conversation together, she was known to go frequently to her bed-room, and kneel down and pray. Every morning, noon and night, she was seen with the Bible, or a Sabbath school book in her hands. To use her own language, "I feel that I am a sinner—that I have a soul of more value than a million of worlds—and that soon, God will call me to give an account of the manner in which I have improved the precious Sabbath school." Alas! her end was at hand. In an unexpected moment she was a corpse. She has crossed the river of death, and is, I trust with the holy angels before the throne of God and the Lamb. How solemn and deeply affecting are the deaths of these two little girls. Children! are you saying or thinking, that you are too young to die? So little Mary said and thought, but she is dead. Let this be a warning to you; and may you hear a voice from the dead, saying unto you, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, death will come upon you." Yours affectionately,

A TEACHER.  
[S. S. Treasury]

## IMPORTANCE OF EARNEST PRAYER.

The following delightful facts were stated from the pulpit of Surrey chapel, by a minister from the north of England. We take them from the London Revivalist, and insert them in the hope that Sabbath school teachers will be encouraged to "teach and pray, and wait God's time."—S. S. Treasury.

In a town in Yorkshire, a minister of the Gospel having labored a considerable time without perceiving any good resulting from his labors, at length became much distressed in his mind. One day, when in company with a neighboring minister, he made known to him the state of his feelings, and told him he thought of leaving as he saw no blessing attend his preaching. The minister asked him if he felt attached to the people. He said, "Yes, I feel I could do or sacrifice any thing for them." He said, "Then I would advise you not to leave them; go home, and preach and pray, and wait God's time." He went home, and spent much of his time in prayer, and his mind was led through such a process, that the people soon discovered it in his preaching. He spoke to them much on the importance of prayer—earnest prayer—for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The Sunday school teachers seemed to catch the spirit of their minister, and they talked to the children much on the subject of prayer.—One Sunday, as two of the girls were returning home; one said to the other, "It is very good, what teacher has been saying to us to-day on prayer; don't you think we could pray, if we tried?" "I should think so," was the reply. "But do you think God would hear us, if we prayed?" "Of course he would; he hears other people; I should think he would hear children," she answered. "Well, we have an hour for dinner, let us give half of it for prayer." Accordingly, the next day they got into some secret place, near the factory where they worked, and prayed. In a little time some more of the children joined them, and they used to hold prayer-meetings in this retired corner. At last they got to sing as well as pray, and the master of the factory heard them. At one of these prayer-meetings they said one to the other, "We pray for our minister, and for our teacher but we do not pray for our master, and he is not a good man, this is not right let us devote one day in every week to pray for him only." They agreed to do so. The next day the master went to listen again, and heard the children praying for him. He thought to himself, now these dear children are praying for me and I never yet prayed for myself. When they were at work, he called one of them, and asked what they did when they got together. She told him they prayed. He immediately had an upper room cleared out, and calling the children, told them they might meet up there, instead of going out of doors, and gave order that no one might disturb them while in it. The teachers heard of it, and they began to pray, particularly those who, though they had taught others, did not feel the importance of it themselves. From the teachers the spirit of prayer spread through the whole congregation; and that year no less than one hundred were added to the Church; among whom the master of the factory was included.—Christian Witness.

Suppose that you now defer religion, and should be saved at a ninth or eleventh hour, think of the remorse prevented, the active good effected, the privileges enjoyed, the blessings diffused by those who walk with God "from youth even to hoary hairs." Think of the temptations they escape, the sorrows they never feel, all suffered and all felt, by those who enter the vineyard later in life. And think, oh think, of the fearful uncertainty which hangs over your future course in life. Resolve now, act now.—Presbyterian.

From the Buffalo Spectator.

## THE ORPHAN BOY.

A stranger to the world he was, though pitiful and young,  
And from his heart the bitter tears of sorrow oft were wrung;  
No mother's voice to soothe his grief, or wake his notes of joy—  
His parents slept beneath the turf, and he an Orphan boy.  
He grew alone—amidst his race a child of solitude—  
And sought from scanty charities, a little daily food;  
A wanderer through street and land, he knew no moral rule,  
Till guided by a friendly hand he found a Sunday school.  
In tattered clothes and conscious shame, the little vagrant stood  
But kindly words were uttered, and his confidence was wooed;  
He heard them speak of Jesus, and the blessings he could send,  
Was told he dwelt in heaven, and would be the Orphan's friend.  
"Oh! could I find the Orphan's friend,"—thus spake the wandering child—  
"I'm sure that I would love him much, if on poor me he smiled!"  
Then thought if He but knew his wants, his bounty would be given,  
And straightway mailed a note inscribed "To Jesus Christ in Heaven."  
The note was combed by curious eyes, at length the seal they broke—  
Its simple pious and honest guise most eloquently spoke,  
He asked for clothes, and home and friends, and honest livelihood,  
And promised to obey his word, and as he wished, be good.  
No heart was cold to pity now, no hand was loth to give,  
And quickly did the Orphan boy the needed aid receive.  
"So soon?"—he cried—I thought he lived far, far from this way!"  
"O, let me go and thank him now, this very happy day."

## TEMPERANCE.

## INTEMPERANCE—AWFUL CASE.

There is scarcely an hour of any day, but brings with it additional evidence of the awful effect of intemperance. The victims of alcohol meet our eye, and wound our heart, as they present themselves to our view, at almost every corner of every street, and, oh! how frequently do we hear or read of our fellow creatures, born to partake of the blessings of immortality with ourselves, suddenly deprived of life, either by their own act, or in consequence of their incapacity through intoxication to govern themselves by which they have been destroyed, involuntarily. Our mind has been directed more especially to this subject, by an occurrence which has taken place during the past week.—We were walking along Broadway on Tuesday afternoon, when a gentleman politely stepped forward and said, "Sir, we want you on an inquest, it is a clear case, it will not detain you

long." After some deliberation we consented, and were shown into the inquest room in the Bridewell. The coroner stated the case, as far as he knew; but submitted it to the jury to decide according to the evidence which should be brought forward. We retired to examine the body, and, oh, what a sight was there! the corpse of a once strong, athletic man! at the sight of his bruised body; an awful death-like chilliness crept over our frame, and we heard a solemn sound, "as if an angel spoke," and said, behold the victim of alcohol! His knees, his elbows, his head were broken by repeated falls upon the pavement; and the whole scene was one which might make "the cheek of darkness pale," and cause humanity to weep for its degradation. The name of the man lying dead was Faulkner, a native of Scotland, and it appeared in evidence, that he had previous to his emigration kept an inn of the first respectability in Edinburgh. He was a wicked, intemperate man; and when he came to this country, he brought with him his habits of intoxication, and though he had means to establish himself in business, and actually took the United States Hotel in Pearl street, yet such was his prodigality, that it was not long before he was incarcerated for debt in the city prison, where he remained nine months. The keeper of the prison stated, that he had frequently contrived to smuggle liquor that he had often seen him drunk, while under his care, and also since he had left. He was found on Tuesday morning, lying on the pavement insensible, was placed upon a cart and taken to the house appointed by the authorities, for such characters, under such circumstances, and died about one o'clock the same day. According to the testimony of Dr. D. L. Rogers, the jury returned a verdict. "Died in a fit of apoplexy, superinduced by intemperance." What a warning to drinkers of firewater!—surely the moral of this and similar cases will produce some good. It is possible that men with such facts before their eyes, can willfully become the slaves of Alcohol! Faulkner, the deceased, might have been a man of good character; and high standing in the community, as a man of business at least, but for intemperance—instead of a separation from his wife and family, who are still in Scotland, (except one son,) they might have been an united family, respectable and respected. But alas! he has ruined himself—he is dead! his soul has fled into the world of spirits, and under the worst possible circumstances.—It there were any inscription upon his coffin, it might have been, here lies, one, slain by the two edged sword of Alcohol.—N. Y. Messenger.

## HOW WINE IS MADE.

At the recent meeting of the New York State Temperance Society, Rev. Mr. Wright of this city, and Dr. Lee of New York, made the following statements with regard to the manufacture of wine.

"There is not probably a drop of the juice of the grape in the wines manufactured in Boston and New York, they being composed of cider, molasses, brandy, sugar of lead, gum arabic, &c. The port wines are made from the light red wines, in which an astringent bark is put to give a peculiar flavor. Extract of logwood to make a deeper red color—brandy and honey to give it more body. The champagne is made from cider and other materials, and in order to carry out the deception, the casks are marked to imitate those of the custom house"—Rev. Mr. Wright.

"Large quantities of fictitious wines are made and sold, which do not contain one drop of the juice of the grape. Such have been most of the port wines used in this country for the last few years. It is made in various ways sometimes out of cider, logwood, sugar of lead, water, &c. This is a very dangerous compound, and I have known instances, where the drinking of these deleterious mixtures, had proved fatal. 'Champagne is now made extensively out of cider, by extracting its color, adding a little sugar, and impregnating it with carbonic acid gas. A friend of mine sold a receipt for this very purpose for \$100, out of which a fortune has been realized during the last two years.—An extensive manufactory of Champagne now exists in New Jersey, where the baskets, labels, corks, brands, and every thing are imitated so as to pass with the best judges for genuine Silvery.—Dr. Lee.—Gos. Publisher.

## MISCELLANY.

REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES.—We believe the following to be a complete list of the principal battles fought during the war of the revolution, with the exception of a few in the southern states.—Schenectady Democrat.

Battle of Concord, April 19,	1775
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 15,	1775
Battle of Old Hampton, Va. where we took five decked vessels, some time in November,	1775
Battle of the Great Bridge, near Norfolk, Va. Dec. 18,	1775
Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27,	1776
Battle of Fort Mifflin, Nov. 17,	1776
Battle of Fort Mifflin, Nov. 19,	1776
Battle of White Plains, Nov. 30,	1776
Battle of Red Bank, when 1000 Hessians were captured, Dec. 26,	1776
Battle of Princeton, Jan. 2,	1777
Battle of Red Bank, Aug. 16,	1777
Battle of Germantown, Sept. 11,	1777
Battle of Germantown, Oct. 4,	1777
Burgoyne's army taken, near Saratoga, Oct. 17,	1777
Battle of the Red Banks, Oct. 22,	1777
Battle of Monmouth, June, 28,	1778
Battle of Stony Point, July 16,	1779
Battle of Camden, Aug. 19,	1780
Battle of Cowpens, January 17,	1781
Battle of Guilford, N. C. March 15,	1781
Massacre at Groton, Ct. Sept. 6,	1781
Battle of Eutaw Springs, Sept. 9,	1781
Battle of King's Mountain, Oct. 7,	1781
Cornwallis and his army taken, Oct. 10,	1781

## SILK.

France is considered a silk growing country, yet she does not grow sufficient for her own manufacture, and it is said, annually imports raw silk, to the amount of \$6,000,000.

England, owing to the humidity of her climate, cannot raise the worms to advantage, and for her numerous manufacturers it is obliged annually to import the raw material from other countries to the amount of \$17,000,000. It is stated that we import annually of raw silk to the amount of about \$10,000,000 and of the manufactured over sixteen millions.

Unless the United States push the culture of the Mulberry and raising of Cocoons, beyond any thing now in operation, many long years must intervene before we can supply the demand of our own markets. Inhauling as we do one of the best climates in the world for manufacturing silk of the best quality, instead of paying ten millions of dollars annually to other nations for the raw material we ought to export two or three times the amount.

It is said our imports of Silk stuffs exceed our export of Broad stuffs—why is this? Only because we do not duly appreciate and improve the means we have. Let our intelligent Farmers be convinced that the silk business is profitable, and then we can hope that every exertion will be made to extend the cultivation of the mulberry and raising of Cocoons.

It is a matter of regret, that any one should view the subject as a wild project, and say, that although it may be a good business for a few years, if found lucrative, every body will engage in it, and glut and ruin the market. We wish the subject could be so represented to our fellow citizens, as to impress them with the importance of examining the subject, on the broad scale of greater national importance than any agricultural subject ever yet pursued.

But if doubts and fears shall remain, we only ask them to commence the culture of the mulberry on a limited scale for a few years, not to interfere with any other agricultural pursuit. If the experiment be made upon some of our almost barren and useless portions of poor, dry, stony and gravelly soil.

It may be asked, if the silk business can be made more profitable than any crop, why not take best and richest land? A fair question indeed, but such land is not best for the Chinese mulberry, and it would be desirable to have every patch of poor, waste, dry land devoted to some useful purpose.—Northampton Courier.

## BEST SUGAR.

It is time that all interested in agriculture, or commerce, or politics, should direct their attention to the subject of making sugar of beets.

The notion was communicated to Bonaparte, on the 19th of March, 1811, by a Mr. Isnard; and by a decree of the Emperor, experimental factories were at once created.—Since that date, with some vicissitudes, this business has increased with extraordinary rapidity in France. At this time, it is computed that there are in France, three hundred manufactories, producing annually, from 18 to 20,000,000 pounds of brown sugar, being about one third of all the sugar used in that country; and so great is the ardor and success with which the business is prosecuted, that in three or four years, it will furnish the whole amount for home consumption, and begin to export. That this is true appears evident from the notice which the French Minister of Finance, D'Argout, has given it, in bringing forward a bill imposing heavy taxes upon the sugar, and alleging as a reason, that unless such duty be levied upon it, the colonial sugars, (i. e. cane sugar) cannot compete with it, and the trade in sugars from the Indies must be entirely destroyed. Certainly the amount made and making, must be immense, to threaten the old colonial establishments with ruin!

The beet contains on an average, about ten per cent, saccharine, and three per cent. molasses.

Three distinct objects are had in view in cultivating the beet.

1. The making of sugar. We give an abstract of the expenses and profits of one establishment.	
500 tons of beets, at \$3 20	\$1,600 00
Fuel of laborers	400 40
Hire	473 20
Materials used in manufactory	813 60
Rents, Sundries, &c.	392 80
Interest on capital borrowed	450 00
	\$4,130 00

Received from sale of molasses, pumice, &c.

750 00

Deducting this from the expenditures,

the outlay stands at

\$3,380 00

This outlay has produced 50,000 pounds of sugar.

36,000 pounds of which, at 15 cents,

and 14,000 do. 10 cents,

produce,

\$6,800 00

Deducting 3,380 00

Profit

\$3,420 00

2. The feeding of cattle.—Cattle, horses and sheep fatten better on the pumice of beets, than upon any other food.

3. The improvement of the soil.—The weeding and working of the beets, for the process of cultivation, see an article on our fourth page.

In these three respects, the cultivation of the beet is regarded as of the highest importance.

It has already been introduced into our country. An association has been formed at Philadelphia (we believe) and has sent a gentleman to France to learn the process of sugar making. Quantities of seed have been sent thence, and distributed in this country; and preparations are being made for extensive manufacturing.

The effects of this new business is to be felt in more ways than upon our commerce.

1. It will connect the fattening of cattle, stock-growing, with sugar and molasses making, as more profitable than distilling, and thus give a sidelong blow to the employment of capital in the manufacture of spirits. But—

2. It is to have a very much higher bearing upon another subject. If it shall outrun the West India sugar, then our market will be supplied by two competing sugar departments, the Northern and the Southern. This brings Northern and Southern enterprise into competition, and fairly tries the relative values of slave labor and free labor!

It is said in France, that the beet will hold acre for acre with the cane but will slave labor on cane sugar, equal free labor upon beet sugar. If not—if Northern free labor can undersell Southern slave labor, and take from her the sugar market, it will cripple the Southwestern States in a very essential degree, and reduce the value of slaves; and very strongly tend to make them worthless. If, in addition free labor could compete with slave labor on cottons, or some sensitive, slave property would be an enormous tax, rather than profitable, and would soon go into disuse. These changes in business afford much food for reflection, and much room for benevolent enterprise.—Cincinnati Jour.

WATERLOO.—We arrived at the field of Waterloo, nine miles from Brussels, after sunset. We ascended the mound raised in commemoration of the great engagement of June 18th, 1815. It is two hundred feet high and has a monument on the summit, consisting of a high pedestal, on which reposes the British lion, every point in the position executed. From this elevation, every point in the position of the armies and the field of battle, is easily comprehended. It is now a ploughed field, with nothing remarkable about it; but bare and naked as it is, of every thing but the interest which the great action gives it, I would not but have seen it. We descended and passed through the very centre of the field—the road to Genappe leading in that direction; yes, we rode quietly through that peaceful field, where eighteen years ago, on a summer's night—the same moon shining that now lighted our way—thousands lay in the sleep of death, thousands more lifted up, on every side faces marked with the death agony, and uttered wailings that measured out the long, long hours of that dreadful night. As if to complete the contrast, we heard the sound of a violin as we drove off from the battle field, turning aside to the quarter from whence it came, observed a dance before the door of one of the cottages.

At Genappe, a few miles distant, beneath the window of the chamber where I slept, was the street where the retreating Frenchmen the barrier against the pursuing Prussians and Brunswickers. Along that street stood the fearful "hurrah!" which, as Prince Blucher's report says, drove the panic-struck soldiers of Bonaparte from their post.—By the very window from which I looked, rushed the furious Prussian Cavalry, which swept away the feeble barricade like chaff; and on every stone of that pavement, blood—human blood had flowed. Yet now, what but these dread recollections themselves could be more thrilling than the awful stillness, the deep repose, which settled down upon that spot—the moonbeams falling upon the silent walls, and upon pavements which no footstep disturbed, and seeming to consecrate all nature to prayer and love, not to wrath and destruction.—The Old World and the New.—By Rev. Orville Dewey.

PERSEVERANCE.—"I recollect," says Sir John Barrington, "that Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session judges at the Court House, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planning and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, that he did so to make it easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die the day he was a right to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate his independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His

character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate upon that very bench that he saved and planned."

CURE FOR A TERRIBLE DISORDER IN THE MOUTH COMMONLY CALLED SCANDAL. Take of "good nature," one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mind your own business," one ounce. Mix these well with a little "charity for fasting," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth," simmer them together in a vessel called circumlocution for a short time, and it will be efficacious. It may be well to use it daily.

TOXIC PLANTS.—There is a willow which grows on the banks of the Mississippi, whose roots become as dry as tinder, after the periodical swell has subsided, but which vegetates as fresh as soon as it is watered by the next inundation. This property of dying and returning again to vegetative existence, is not peculiar to this willow; other plants possess the same singular property, though this exceeds all others in magnitude. The plants of that description known to botanists, are the water mosses except two species of duckweed—the "lenna minor" and the "lenna major." These are but minute plants floating on the surface of stagnant water, without taking root in the pond. They may be dried in the hot sun and then kept in a deal box for two or three years, after which they will revive, if placed in spring, river, or rain water. There is at the north a kind of natural paper, resembling the coats or strata of a wasp's nest in color and consistency, which is formed of the sediment of ponds, that become dry in hot weather. If a piece of this paper-like substance be put in a glass of fresh water, and exposed to light, it loses its dirty white color in a few minutes and assumes a lively green. This sudden change is occasioned by a number of aquatic mosses, constituting a part of the materials of the paper or sediment in question, and belonging to the genus "Conferva." These minute vegetables may be said to be in the state of suspended animation while they remain dry, but the presence of water restores them to their natural functions by its animating virtue. So long retaining the principle of life, these curious plants, as well as the two species above mentioned, may be transported to any distant country in a torpid condition, where they might again be animated. The same remark will apply to the Mississippi willow, which suggested these observations.—Presbyterian.

"ANOTHER EDITOR REWARDED."—Our brother of the quill, Willis G. Clark, Esq., after going at large for some time, in a state of "single wretchedness" and living upon Bachelor's common, has been taken up and compelled to "give bond to society," as appears by the notice under our marriage list of yesterday. This accounts for the unaccountable notice of "a few weeks absence from Editorial duties, which we saw in his paper the other day; it seems he was in custody, and has been taken to another State for trial. We presume he anticipated nothing but his doing, and to stop our mouths—may it frequently be thus stopped, sent us "a good bit" of very rich cake. May he find matrimony as sweet as our cake, and may the stream of his life be as gentle and untroubled as his own placid temper usually is.—Phila. Sat. Herald.

SOMETHING FOR THE CURIOUS.—In the great valley between the north and south mountains, in Pennsylvania, commonly called the eastern ridge, there was dug some years since in Franklin county, and another in Cumberland county, 30 or 40 miles from the former, which led to a discovery affording a subject for interesting speculation. After proceeding in each instance to the depth of about 36 feet, the bottom of both these wells gave way, but fortunately when the workmen had retired, and a torrent of water gushed up. A lead with 50 fathoms of line was sunk without finding the least obstruction. They remain at this time untouched, and of unknown depth. The presumption is, that there is a subterranean lake in that quarter, and how far it extends under the base of the vast primitive mountains, situated between the Susquehanna and Pittsburgh, will never be ascertained, unless by some terrible convulsion of nature they should be precipitated into the tremendous abyss.—Allegheny Mag.

DESTRUCTION OF SPARROWS.—The farmers and many others in the country take great pains to destroy the sparrows; but from the following extract from "Bradley's Treatise on Husbandry and Gardening," it would not appear that they act judiciously in so doing:—

"A pair of sparrows, during the time that they have their young to feed, destroy, on an average, every week 3,000 insects." This calculation is founded upon actual observation, having discovered that the two parents carried to the nest forty caterpillars in an hour! These birds also feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects each of which, if not destroyed in the nest, would be the parents of other caterpillars—and what the country would do in the gardens, &c. we need not tell.—Protestant Vindicator.

THE HORSE possesses an exquisite sense of smelling.—He scents the approach of man at the distance of a mile and a half. His nose also detects water at a great distance. It is well known, that the caravans of Arabs, Tartars, and Mongolians, and also the herdsmen of the American prairie, advantage of this animal's sensibility of smell, to discover unknown pools of water. Ases and mules possess the same faculty. The Jews, during their forty years' wandering in the desert, often had recourse to the instinct of these quadrupeds, when in want of water. The American horses pay the earth with their hoofs, above the source of a hidden fountain.—Magasin Universel.

The late great solar eclipse attracted extraordinary attention in Great Britain on account of the length of time which has occurred since so great an obscuration of the sun has been observed in that island. The diminution in heat and light was great, the atmosphere becoming gray, and of a muddy haziness. The birds betrayed much disturbance and alarm, by gathering together and by the swiftness of their flight near the surface of the ground. The darkness, however, was not so great as to show Venus to the naked eye. Through powerful telescopes, the raggedness of the outward, or convex edge of the moon was perfectly discernible near the tips of the crescent. This event is memorable as being the greatest eclipse seen in Great Britain since the year 1715, when a total eclipse occurred, and the only annular eclipse seen in Great Britain for more than 150 years.—Chr. Int.

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\* All communications relative to this paper, must be directed to the Rev. M. T. Wing, Gambier, Knox Co. Ohio.

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